

¡ADIÓS! omnibus 72



¿COMO?

"I sucked on it too hard and it broke!"

Scott Shouse, the lonely Galápagos Volunteer, talking about his harmonica.

.....

"I've learned not to ask, not to look, just to eat . . ."

Jerome "Jaws" Socha

.....

"Do you think if I just speak English really slow and loud, they'll understand me?"

Keith Odeen, pondering his first charla.

.....

"Nothing like going from the toughest job you'll ever love to the toughest job you'll ever HATE."

Master Trainer, Tom Larsen, welcoming fresh RPCVs Cindy Chin and Gail Zemmoll to the training staff.

.....

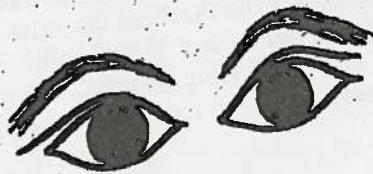
"The ceiling is alive."

Jennifer Weisent, describing the dynamic nature of her new living quarters.

-compiled by the El Clima Staff

August						
Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
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				7	8	16
4	5	6		14	15	24
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	GAD Follow-up Workshop					
	visits with Volunteers					
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September						
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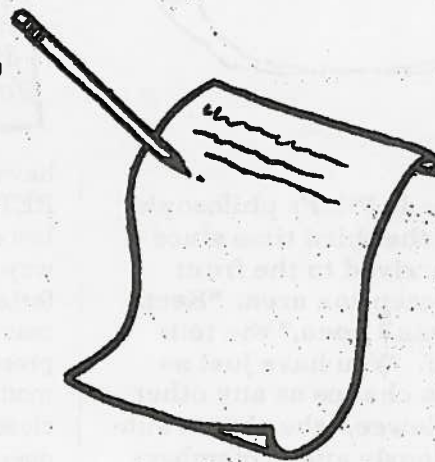


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SPEAK EASY

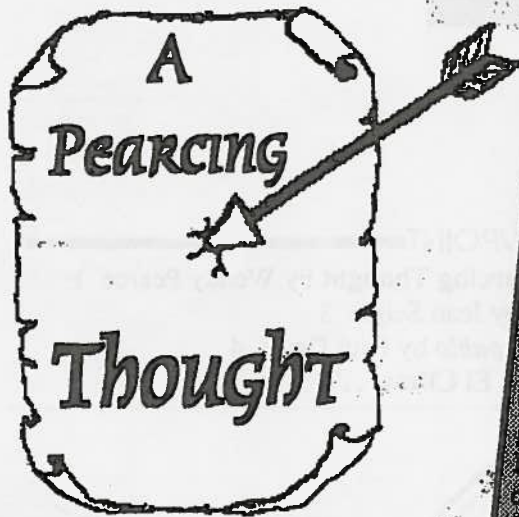
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Pilar says: "Sometimes I ask myself if my adventures, such as they are, equal experience. I think of Flaubert, who spent most of his adult life in the same French village, or Emily Dickinson, whose poems echoed the solitude of the local church bells. I wonder if the farthest distance I have to travel isn't inside my own head. But then I think of Gauguin or D.H. Lawrence or Ernest Hemingway, . . . and I become convinced that you have to live in the world to say anything meaningful about it."

"Everything up until this very minute, as I sit at my desk on the second floor of Harvard Library, looking out over a rectangle of dead grass, and beyond that, to the cars racing down Broadway feels like a preparation for something. For what, I don't know. I'm still waiting for my life to begin." (p. 179)

from Dreaming in Cuban, by Cristina Garcia

She reads Pilar's philosophy again, the third time since she's arrived to the front desk/reception area. "Keep your mind open," she tells herself. "You have just as much a chance as any other interviewee," she chants subconsciously and remembers how many times Steve has told her this in the past week. "I'm a wreck!" she admits to herself.

As she glances up from the piece of scratch paper that houses her favorite quote, a door creaks open and draws her attention. "Maybe this is him," she wonders.

"Good morning, Wendy. I'm John. Welcome to Time/Life Magazines."

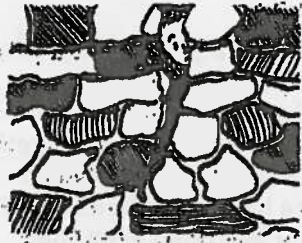
"Thanks. And good morning. Pleased to meet you," she boasts confidently as she stands.

It's a scenario I imagine a little too often these days and to be completely honest, it frightens me to the point of having to look reality in the face—the reality of returning home, what I now

have dubbed, **THE RETURN**. Like those of my fellow omnibusers who are on their way home or soon to be, I'm comforted in knowing that these premonitions are just part of the process of our two years, three months in Ecuador coming to a close. As October approaches, so does my imminent C.O.S. This is my final issue of *El Clima*, serving as Editor and although my usual practice is whipping out an article or two on Friday before we spend the weekend laying out, I've had this final contribution on my mind for over a month. How will I best sum up my experience here and leave the impression of the adventure I've had in the thoughts of those who remain and those who've just arrived. As I believe I've expressed in past entries, writing, at times, seems to me an egotistical means to a necessary end. I feel compelled to share my experience but I'd prefer to do it anonymously. I'd like to leave part of myself behind on paper but am afraid of how I might be taken. A great lesson to learn is that of readiness. The reader must be ready to receive and no matter how strongly the writer perceives the subject, if the reader isn't willing the message goes

uninterpreted. Therein lies my dilemma. As in economics we're taught, "let the buyer beware," suffice it to say, "advice is cheap but don't waste it."

I am of the thinking (as Pilar was in *Dreaming in Cuban*) that "you have to live in the world to say anything meaningful about it." So now that I've lived a bit, I feel it my duty to say that something "meaningful." My experience in Ecuador as a Peace Corps Volunteer has changed my life. Stuffing two years of adventure into two pages isn't something I'd even attempt to do but I better get down pat my three-minute response to, "So how was Ecuador?" that we're sure to all receive sooner than later. So here it goes: *A young woman left a hot Phoenix airport two years ago. As tears streamed down her face, she clutched her backpack to which was attached her security, a teddy bear. That same young woman (with a few more grey hairs now) will return to that same Phoenix airport in a few months with that same teddy bear tucked between 10 pounds worth of opened mail and oxidized photo frames. Words that*



were once cacophony have become her language of work, laughter, fear, friendship and discovery. A chapter of her life to be stored away—people she never imagined she'd meet, places she never knew existed, pages of journals lying against one another, photos capturing her emotions in a background of green, brown and blue.

We all grow. Whether we occupy our time behind a desk or deep in the jungle, our lives are a process, each day that passes chalked up to experience. But it's the open mind that makes those experiences an adventure. A door appeared and this young woman peaked through. While others walked confidently to the other side she stayed behind awhile. She watched from the center of a mountain valley as the world whizzed by, insecure and lacking confidence. She knocked again and adventure came to the door. She cautiously slid the heavy barrier aside and shuffled in. There were others waiting to validate her presence. Finally she let go and something clicked. Her adventure took a new course and her life began. What were once just faces out of context took on personalities and a crack on her wall of self-absorption spread into a window.

She looks from John to the poster he has on his office wall, a shot of a snow-covered mountain promoting the Durango Jazz Festival and takes a deep breath before meeting his gaze again. Her thoughts take a quick jump

to something her Dad gave her the night before she left for the Peace Corps, an old pocket calendar cover with the poem, "Footprints," superimposed over a photo of a sunrise beach and remains of feet left behind on the sand. Inside, two more self-motivating selections were taped over the old dates. How many times had she read these things? Too many to count. All at once she realizes how integral they have been to her analysis of experience—the famous words of "The Road Not Taken" by Robert Frost: "... Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—I took the one less traveled by, And that has made all the difference;" and those of "Today!": "With every rising of the sun, Think of your life as just begun. The Past has cancelled and buried deep All yesterdays. There let them sleep. Concern yourself with but Today. Grasp it, and teach it to obey Your will and plan. Since time began Today has been the friend of man. You and Today! A soul sublime and the great heritage of time. With God himself to bind the twain, Go forth, brave heart! Attain! attain!"

She's brought out of her reverie as John finishes his hasty leaf-through of her portfolio. He lifts his head and smiles, "It looks like you've had yourself quite an adventure these past two years."

"Yes," she answers, "yes, I have."

by Wendy Pearce
Canoa (Manabí)•



El Clima is a bimonthly magazine by and for the Peace Corps community of Ecuador and beyond. Opinions expressed are those of the author and are not necessarily the opinions of the El Clima staff, the Peace Corps or the United States Government.

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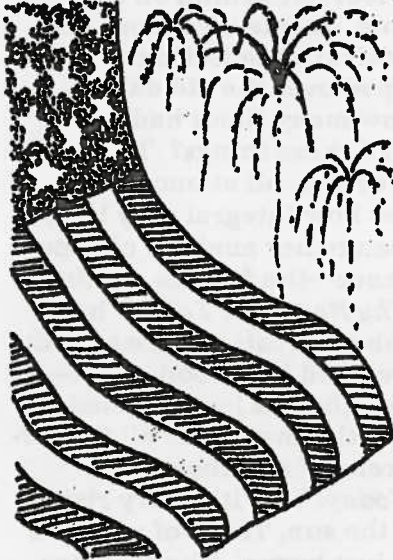
JES



TRANSITIONS, the rhythm of Peace Corps life. In July, *Omnibus 72* attended, *mejor dicho*, celebrated, its Close of Service conference. Peace Corps Ecuador thanks this fine group of individuals for their dedication to service and for the zest and purposefulness of their presence here. Happily, a number of you are staying on. To those of you who are leaving, you will be missed. Welcome to *Omnibus 76!* 45 Trainees strong, the new health and youth groups arrived in Quito just last night. We wish you a warm welcome, and all the best as you enter training.

A new President for Ecuador. The recent Ecuadorian elections have been heralded as a victory for democracy. Abdalá Bucaram campaigned as a populist advocate, and since his election he has repeatedly stated that he will make health and education his top priorities. Seems like I've heard that same message from many of you. . . so we share in this nation's sense of hope for the future. Another outcome of recent elections is the important presence of eight *Diputados* at the National level supported by

Indigenous political groups. Many other elections at the local and municipal levels have brought Indigenous leaders into the political arena, giving them new access to the political process and opportunities for change.



A new U.S. Ambassador for Ecuador. Peace Corps/Ecuador looks forward to the arrival of Ambassador Leslie M. Alexander in early August.

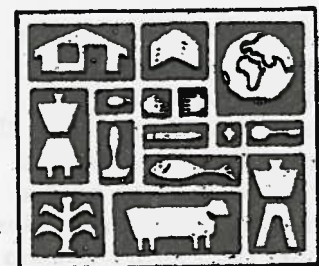
A new look for the Office. By now, many of you will have noticed the new guard house at the entrance. Under our new contract, guards are working 12 hour shifts. This new space should make that a bit easier. It also allows for easier storage of the items that Volunteers frequently leave temporarily with the guards. Out back, the construction will soon be completed. Office space for our new Volunteer Coordinators, VAC and WID should be ready by September.

The 4th of July was occasion for lots of formal and informal celebration. At the VAC meeting on July 2nd, we enjoyed a delicious cookout *estilo EE.UU.* Thanks to the staff who served up great

burgers and dogs. On July 5th, the Community celebration at the Ambassador's Residence was a huge success. 850 people gathered to enjoy games, food and fun. The biggest greased pole I have ever seen had even the Marines beat until, ever resourceful, they used a huge ladder to get to the top. Thanks to PCVs Corrine Manning, Nicole Dino, Edith Bross, Ron Krupa and Elizabeth Humphrey, who volunteered to paint faces and organize a bean bag toss. Funds collected are being used to support their local community projects.

At the request of VAC, the PCV Lounge hours have been extended from 5 am to midnight. This is to give PCVs a safe place to arrive to or depart from, given the night bus schedules. Please use caution when leaving the Office late at night. Our neighborhood, while convenient and safe during the day, is not safe at night. The Guard will be glad to call you a radio taxi, if needed, to get you to the bus station.

In mid-July the Senior Staff (APCDs, PCMOs, Ana María, María Eugenia, Tim, Tom Larson—new Assistant Training Dir., Pablo and I) spent two days working at La Cienega, the site of the COS conference. It was an extremely productive experience for all of us. We unanimously agreed that motivation and communication were improved as a result of our work together. •



VIEWPOINT →

hablo pablo

by PTO Pablo Davis

I'd like to begin with some good news. Actually, this could qualify as very good news for those who are 5 ft., 11 inches or taller. At this very moment workers are raising the bathroom doors (the chintzy ones) approximately eight inches, thus limiting the risk of cranial damage to only those who are over 6 ft., 7 inches tall. We think the construction costs will be offset by the expected savings in band-aid expenditures.

Continuing on with more good news—and this too, could qualify as very good news, regardless of your height; the second part of our two-part Gender and Development Workshop is scheduled for August 19th and 20th. The 30 participants from the first workshop will have had three months to use the Gender Analysis techniques in their own communities and will therefore be among the leading experts in Ecuador on the subject. By sharing their experiences with us and each other, they will indirectly and directly impact our Volunteer programs in the future. Also, I hope some of this expertise can be tapped for the

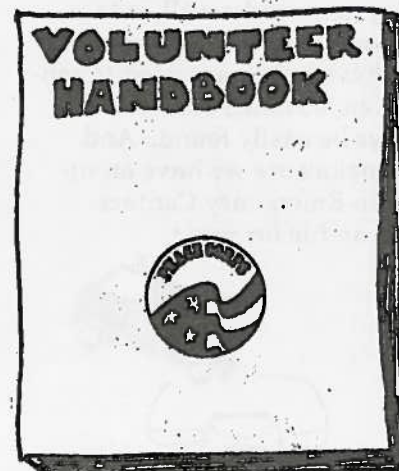
upcoming Integrated Job Conference in October for the Agriculture, Animal Production and Natural Resources programs.

This Integrated Job Conference, by the way, for those Volunteers in the Odd Omnibuses (Odd-Numbered Omnibuses: 71, 73 & 75) is already in its early planning stages. There are three Odd Omnibus Volunteers who will be working with the three Odd APCDs and myself, planning and coordinating the event. A needs assessment questionnaire will be sent out within a week after this edition of El Clima.

As many of you already know, we are implementing a system of Volunteer Coordinators here in Peace Corps/Ecuador. Volunteer Coordinators have been used very successfully in many of the other countries in the Inter-America Region, and we are designing a similar system, adapted, of course, to meet our needs here. Our Coordinators are Karin Chamberlain, who is supporting Animal Production, Agriculture and Natural Resource Volunteers in the southern provinces of Loja and Zamora; Shelly Nicholson, who will be supporting coastal Health Volunteers; and Jodi Hammer, who will be working on a national level from Quito, also supporting the Health program (and possibly others, as time allows).

As we refine our Volunteer Coordinator system, the Inter-America Region in Washington is expanding and refining its system of Regional Senior APCDs. Not entirely unlike the Volunteer Coordinators, Regional Senior APCDs support

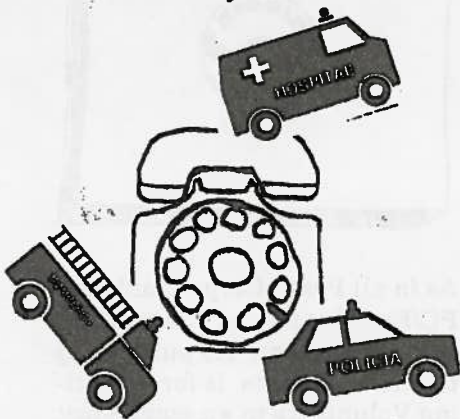
the entire region (South and Central America and the Caribbean) in their area of expertise. We are very proud to have had our very own Francisco Garcés selected as the Regional Senior APCD for the Environment Sector. As such, Francisco will be available to other PC Countries, providing technical support in the form of workshops, in-service trainings, conferences, etc. This September 25th, in fact, Francisco will travel to Chile to visit some areas where they are implementing a Conservation Corps-like project, and for a conference on the same subject. Francisco will also be attending a Regional Senior APCDs planning meeting in Washington sometime in the next two months. While we in Ecuador may suffer from Francisco's occasional absences, we can also benefit from the expertise of the other Senior APCDs, both directly and indirectly.



As in all Peace Corps countries, PC/Ecuador has an Emergency Contact System. Its purpose, as the name implies, is for contacting Volunteers in an emergency. It is described in great detail in the Volunteer Handbook, which you may want to review before

VIEWPOINT

the next emergency. The reason I bring this up is that, given the importance we place on your safety and the slightly increased potential for disasters (both natural and unnatural), here in Ecuador, we test the system periodically to make sure it's in good working order. We used to test the entire system once a year, but we felt that the yearly tests only guaranteed it was in good shape for the test, and we weren't too sure about the rest of the year. So, in order to keep our emergency contact system in shape all year round, we've decided to test it monthly. We will test just one province each month, with the province chosen at random, since in real life we don't get to choose which areas experience emergencies. This will force us to keep the entire system up-to-date. In July we tested the province of Manabí, and the test provided us with valuable information for improving the system. What you can do as a Volunteer to make sure the system works well, is to remember that at any time we may have an urgent need to contact you, so make sure you can always be easily found. And also make sure we have an up-to-date Emergency Contact Form on file for you. •



Dear El Clima...



SWF Seeks. . .

A bunch of us were in Quito recently and started talking about ways in which we could liven up El Clima a bit. How about a **CLASSIFIED** section, perhaps a page with items for sale or items wanted, as well as a **PERSONALS** column? Well?! What do you think? We could have word limits for each personal or announcement submitted, say, 50 words (personals having the first three words in bold cap face). It might be a good way to advertise when we're wanting to sell stuff (and easier for those who don't make it to Quito as often as others do). And, it will definitely be *chévere* to exchange little messages back and forth—kind of a small way to bring out the dynamics of us Volunteers serving in Ecuador as a whole.

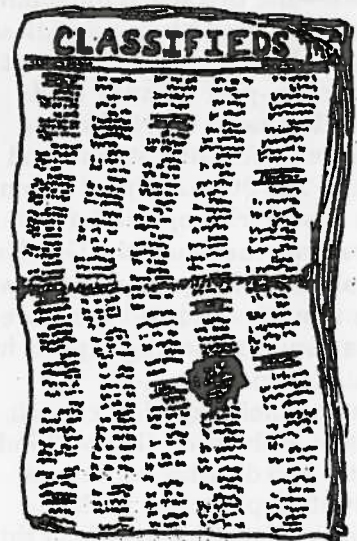
Thanks for your consideration.

Diane V. Shields
Machala (Guayas)

So here's a personal for the first of this future column:

IF I FART in front of you, **Steye**, think of it, not as an insult, but a compliment. I mean, I must feel pretty comfortable around you, right? **BURP!** Perdon. -D.

Ed. note: Thanks for the suggestions, Diane. Sounds like a good idea. . . Anyone who has a personal or classified ad, please send it to the Peace Corps office, c/o El Clima and we'll begin this column. •



Karl's

So, I lied. I couldn't resist one more submission, and I thought a follow-up travel article might be nice. My parents were able to come for the maximum vacation allowable by Peace Corps law, so we were able to see much of Ecuador, without unreasonable hurry. This is the abbreviated version of the Banks family super-Ecuadventure.

I retrieved Mary Ellen and Mark in Guayaquil, my favorite place, and we stayed a night in a reasonable hotel just off the Iguana park, which was conspicuously free of iguanas, I guess because the park people took a bunch out for a giant bar-b-que. Even though it was late, my dad and I went out for some *comida típica* at Miami Subs. Then we had an exciting ten minutes taking 4,000 *suces* from a nearby casino before closing time.

In the morning we travelled by bus to Puerto Rico, Manabí. There we languished in the not-so-hot *verano* beach weather, but were greeted with nice cool breezes for our hike around Isla de la Plata. Yes, I took my own advice and took my parents to see the exotic island. We were treated with *vistas* yielding rolls worth of blue-footed *Piqueros*, masked *Piqueros*, an albatross, a giant sleeping sea lion, a dolphin, tropic birds, sea turtles and frigate birds. Our guide, Iván, was excellent and will come out looking like a star in the video.

Oh, did I forget to mention my dad teaches video production. among other things, so our entire vacation is captured on tape? I must admit that despite my natural shyness making me

Travel

uncomfortable with a camera blinking its red light at me, and the paranoia of its possible theft, I will appreciate having a video record of Ecuador.

Log

Back on dry land and heading from Puerto Lopez to Puerto Rico, we were picked up by a tour bus full of Ecuadorian tour guide students. They stopped in Salango (a new O '75 site, by the way) and we saw the museum of the Pre-Colombian cultures unearthed in that area. Not only that, but one of the tour guide teachers was fluent in English and translated the entire tour, which was nice for the folks, whose Spanish was just barely coming along. I would recommend the museum if you are already in the area. It was very interesting to see evidence of highly-advanced cultures who were using money, building ships and thinking metaphysically, when our European ancestors were still huddling in wet caves in loosely-formed tribes some 3000 years before Christ.

After another cloudy beach day we went to my site and stayed a night. A night full of rooster calls and early morning laundry noises. I don't think that my parents took the earplugs I

gave them seriously until that night. We spent the next day seeing the three points of interest in Portoviejo, the post office, Iván's house and my office. Not wanting to have too much of a good thing, we flew out of Portoviejo to Quito that afternoon.

The next day we flew from Quito to Lago Agrio with a guide from Quito, who spoke some English. I don't want to get bitter about our Oriente trip, but I was a victim of my own panic at the lack of solid arrangements, so I overpaid. But my parents and I had a really good time due to the *amistad* and efforts of the Secoya people whose village we visited.

From Lago Agrio we travelled down river by truck along the Agua Rico and from a one-*tienda* port on the river, we went by motorized canoe two-and-a-half hours down river to the small (14 houses) indigenous community of Secoya, one of the three *pueblitos* which make up the Secoya nation. Their 40,000 hectare reserve is located across the river from Cuyabeno National Reserve. The beauty we observed there is really not possible to describe in words or even photography. You have to go.

The highlights included night hunting for cayman, which our 19-year-old cook attempted to catch bare-handed; eating freshly killed Guanta, which is a very large (Ecuadog-size) relative of the rat tasting deliciously like low-fat pig; seeing monkeys play in the trees and

being happy that our cooks did not have a gun, for we would have been eating the little suckers; eating stupendously delicious *piraña*; learning about the culture of the tribe and their shaymanas; learning all about the many useful plants of the jungle, including but not limited to, a vine which has about one liter of good tasting drinking water per meter; seeing how the people make knotless *hamacas* and dug-out canoes; eating and talking with the very intelligent people who are all bilingual from high school age on up (Spanish being second to Secóya of course); hearing how the tribe has decided that eco-tourism is the best way to fight the onslaught of the *colonos* and oil companies (though I think that they could improve their tourist business in many ways); and finally, all of the beauty we observed in birds, butterflies, plants and flowers.

The highlight for me was the hike we took for about four hours into their reserve. On the way out there was a bit of *lodo* and we had to cross several streams and small rivers, usually by doing a balancing beam walk across a slippery log. No problem. Then we spent the night listening to the torrential downpour that continued for at least 12 hours and had not stopped when we started for the *pueblo*. All those little streams were now flooded rivers, up to my waist. My mother was not amused. It took us a little longer to get back, since after all 10 or so of these

crossings, my parents took off their boots and socks and dried them out only to soak them once again a few minutes later. I was lucky, they don't make rubber boots big enough for me, so I only had comfortable sneakers. Even though it was tough on them, my parents loved the jungle, and as we left, we felt already sad to say goodbye to the people, like Mirella the president of tourism and our cooks Fausto and Bartolo. But Gilberto, our guide, we felt most attached to, since he brought us into his home to show us his photos and we posed with our families for another shot I am sure my mother will send him.



I have already begun to arrange a return trip.

Returning to Quito, we spent at least four hours doing laundry and needed at least two very hot showers to feel that all of the mud was off. We did a little sightseeing, shopping and walking around in Quito, but I don't need to tell anyone about Quito.

Then we were off to RioBamba, where my buddy Gail was our

wonderful and willing (I think) guide. Chimborazo was amazing! Clear morning, warm sun and we got to climb above the second refuge to about 5100 m. in the snow. Hint: Don't buy a Nestle's Crunch at the refuge—they expired in 1994.

The next day we visited Guano where, among other things, the people make wool rugs by hand. We saw (and videotaped, of course) the factory where it takes up to a month for three workers to make one large rug, earning 6.000 *suces* per day. My folks bought one of the rugs for 900.000 *suces* + 350.000 *suces* for shipping. My parents were very pleased with this purchase, saying that an equivalent size and quality rug in the States goes for \$2000.

We then had a day of a-sort-of big disappointment. There used to be an excellent hike up to some low-tech, free but very hot and uncrowded hot springs between RioBamba and Baños at the base of Tunguragua. We took that hike only to find that some politician was grafting off of this development project and they were constructing a commercial *piscina*. The water was *tibia* at best, dirty and there were creepy workers all around. The workers themselves were probably good people, but their obscene pile of *aguardiente* and *ron* bottles near their shack and around the *piscina* was a little discomforting. Our day was sort of ruined, unless you were Gail, who didn't come for the

tubá, but for the spectacular waterfall a little up the canyon from the now ruined springs. They couldn't mess up the waterfall and that was our consolation prize.

Next day: Baños (de Ambato). Late start. Zoo cool, a thousand tour buses full of high school kids on *paseo*. Water dirty. Began to rain. Hasty retreat.

The next day, we hired a taxi to take us on the worst part of the *Panamericana*, the stretch between RioBamba and Tambo. We had the guy take us up to Ingapirca (again following my own advice from last issue) for the Summer Solstice Festival, expecting to get priceless footage of native music and dancing and maybe a little *trago* to boot. Alas! The festival was cancelled, as several other PCVs we met found out the hard way. Tour of ruins was nice, but I was disappointed about the festival cancellation due to some political, racist and/or economic injustice against the indigenous by the "man". From there we high-tailed it to



Cuenca where we rested from the tough day of travel and the next day finally got our hot water at the Baños de Cuenca (which by the way are much nicer than those others, even if they cost more). About Cuenca, what can I say is we sight-sought, photographed, purchased and browsed. A good time was had by all and my folks now are thinking about a two-year sabbatical in Cuenca.

I will rush through the last week because it was mostly a week of rest and therefore of few mentionable highlights. We travelled by bus to Loja. On the bus, a Swiss woman who we had become acquainted with on the coast and had randomly met up with again in Cuenca asked me, "Are you all going to try the cactus schnapps?" Confused, I told her I was the wrong person to ask about such things. We shared a taxi to Vilcabamba with her, dropping her off at one popular *pension*, choosing the Hosteria Vilcabamba for ourselves. Very nice. Highly recommended for when the 'rents are here. They had excellent and reasonable food and nice wet and dry sauna and jacuzzi. We chilled.

We then hiked, with horses, up the mountain towards Podocarpus on the same land that is site to my oft-mentioned irrigation project. We began a hike the second day into the forest, but a omen of prudence hit my mom as she sliced open her finger on a plant. My folks went back to the cabin and I bravely went on ahead with the video camera. That was cool,

but on my way back I nearly was skewered as I stumbled into a bull's territory and inadvertently put myself between him and his favorite son. To my back was a rock cliff, to my right, Bull Jr. and directly in front, making slight advances, was Bull Sr. I put away the camera. I flaunted the *machete* and spoke in a strong and threatening voice, then I ran like a little monkey to my left, through the stream, up the bank and scrambled up the slope. I showed him who is the more advanced species.

The next day falling back down the mountain, we rested and washed. We were witness to the spectacle of the final Saturday of *San Pedro de Vilcabamba's fiestas* and the inauguration of the aforementioned project. Then we relaxed for another day and were on the final leg. Taxi to Loja, bus to Cuenca, one night in Cuenca then a plane to Guayaquil. In Guayaquil, I had one more chance to gamble and the three of us played for about an hour-and-a-half, walking out only 20,000 *suces* poorer. At 6 a.m. I saw the folks off and finally, exhausted, I rode a bus back to Portoviejo, happy to be done with vacation and back to my relaxing normal work life.

My parents just called. They want me to buy and send them a few more items from the vendors at Parque El Ejido and they wish they had stayed longer.

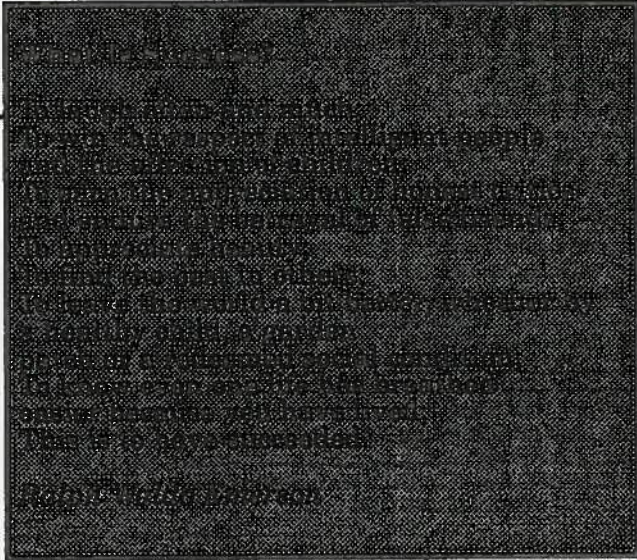
Karl Banks
Portoviejo (Manabí)

It Was the Best of Times, It Was the Worst of Times

Omnibus 72's COS conference brought us all together for one last time. We laughed, we cried, we drank, we danced, we ate, we shared, we processed and we reflected. Here's a collection of some of the responses to thoughts we had to ponder. Hopefully we captured the consensus of the group in the quotes we've chosen. It's kind of our way of saying good-bye and good luck! —El Clima O72 Staff

What I'd Like People in My Community to Remember Me For

"... my willingness to learn, to teach and how I fell in love with all the kids."
 "... my smile!"
 "... being just like them and not just the gringo in town."
 "... believing and wanting them to believe too; that they are important people, worthy of special attention, good health, good education and satisfying interpersonal relationships."
 "... not fitting into the mold of a stereotypical American; my bad Spanish, but good intentions; and that I wasn't from Nueva York."
 "... my willingness and ability to swing a machete."
 "... my Volunteerism."
 "... for not bailing out on them."
 "They still talk about the Volunteer who lived there 10 years ago: 'She was tall, she was nice.' I hope they remember me for more than being 'shorter than Camila' or, 'She made great banana bread.' ... but, I don't know. ... how about, 'She told us about the dangers of SIDA.'"
 "... not being a tourist."



Omnibus 72 COS Conference Attendees:

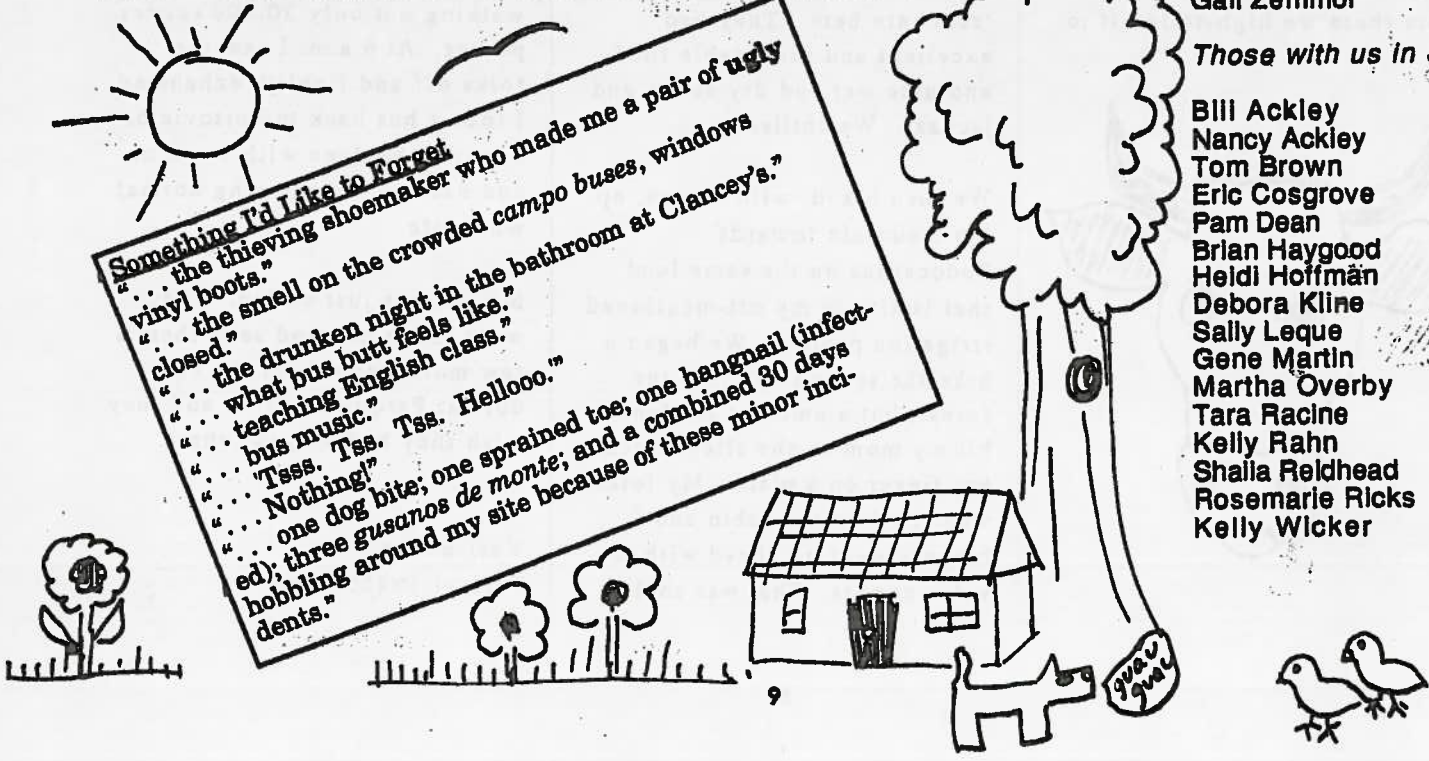
- Karl Banks
- Mark Blaha
- Cindy Chin
- Tricia Culverhouse
- Ceri Dierst-Davies
- Nicole Dino
- Tara Duffy
- Karen Edwards
- Lisa Flores
- Pete Fontaine
- Kye Friess
- Helen Geptina
- Jodi Hammer
- Jason Jex
- Bryan Kemp
- Dipak Kshatriya
- Donna Lawlor
- Kirk Leamons
- Pam Leamons
- Corinne Manning
- Melissa Mitchell
- Shelly Nicholson
- Richard Olson
- Wendy Pearce
- Teresa (Terl) Pyle
- Andrew Reitz
- Crystal Reul
- Robyn Rogers
- Carolyn Shields
- Shelby Smith
- Mark Stillman
- George B. Walker Jr.
- Dwight A. Wilder
- Gall Zemmoil

Those with us in Spirit:

- Bill Ackley
- Nancy Ackley
- Tom Brown
- Eric Cosgrove
- Pam Dean
- Brian Haygood
- Heidi Hoffmān
- Debora Kline
- Sally Leque
- Gene Martin
- Martha Overby
- Tara Racine
- Kelly Rahn
- Shaila Reidhead
- Rosemarie Ricks
- Kelly Wicker

Something I'd Like to Forget

"... the thieving shoemaker who made me a pair of ugly vinyl boots."
 "... the smell on the crowded campo buses, windows closed."
 "... the drunken night in the bathroom at Clancey's."
 "... what bus butt feels like."
 "... teaching English class."
 "... bus music."
 "... Tsss. Tsss. Hellooo."
 "... Nothing!"
 "... one dog bite; one sprained toe; one hangnail (infected); three gusanos de monte; and a combined 30 days hobbling around my site because of these minor incidents."



My Funniest Moment

"... cooking with Jay Carter III"
"... asking a community member to carry something up a hill and him giving me his right shoe—my Spanish was bad!"
"... falling asleep in front of everyone in one of Sara's cross-cultural sessions."
"When I'd just gotten to my site, alone, I went to the store and asked for some veggies or fruit. The lady handed me a package of feminine napkins. Oh, what Spanish!"
"... when someone complimented me on my *buen carácter* (good character) and I responded, 'No, I don't know good karate.'"
"Everyday was so amusing, how can I pick just one moment?"
"... getting caught with my pants down on, what I thought to be, a deserted *campo* road."
"... (which wasn't so funny at the time) trying to tell my parents over the phone that I was getting married to a man they didn't even know and explaining that, no, I wasn't pregnant."
"... when I ordered *pan de ajo* instead of *pan de ajo*."
"I had to do it—couldn't make it to the bathroom—so I just pooped in my *Newsweek*."
"????? Maybe I didn't laugh enough!"



Something I'll Never Forget

"... the friends I've made."
"... three or four kids frolicking under their first running-water shower the day we 'turned on' the water."
"... the bus calls of a *controlador* as he shouts, 'Sube!'... 'Aguanta!'... 'Dele!'; and the phrase, *No sea malita!*"
"... nights spent in the *fritada*, eating *chochos* and *tostado*, drinking cold Pilsner and listening to national music on the jukebox."
"... all of you."
"... the first time I had *cuy*."
"... delivering the baby girl of a 16-year-old mother, in the back of a moving pickup."
"... the people and their generosity. There is always enough food to go around."
"... Tom Brown sleeping in the park in Riobamba."
"... when a taxi pulled up in front of our *subcentro* with a dead guy in the trunk (arms and legs sticking out), wanting an autopsy done!"
"... when one of my workers reminded me of the first thing I had ever taught him."
"... getting married."*



The Most Important Thing I've Learned

"... how to live poor and appreciate the simple things in life."
"I can do anything I set my mind to!"
"Education is the most important investment people can make."
"... who I am!"
"... that Babylon wasn't built in a day and people don't change their actions/thinking that quickly either. Patience!"
"... that being humble, focusing on who is in your life as opposed to what, is the most important after all."
"... just how damn persistent I AM!"
"... there are options in life. You don't have to follow a normal track!"
"... what it means to be American and how great it would be if all Americans could have this experience so that we could all learn to be a little more humble."
"Patience is a virtue... and one I've tried to have and still wish I had."



It was a long night of discussions over the Peace Corps' role in the Andean Condor Conservation Program at the house of the Peace Corp Coordinator, Ines Rutkovskis. Besides discussions, our illustrious director, Jean Selgel, dumped on us the task of writing an article in Spanish about the program, due the next day. All in all, a tiring agenda and, like all tiring agendas, they get so tiring they never get done. Three of us did the floor crash while Ines took to her cozy bed in her private room, on the floor of course.

I was due in Cayambe by 8:00 a.m. the next day which meant I had to begin my day before sunrise. Navigating in a new house for the first time in the dark was rather simple, the house was cozily small. I had mapped out vital objectives before I ZZZ'ed, and the other two floor people were not situated in any strategic paths. There was this cat, however.

In the middle of the night my nose caught a whiff of something rather odorous. I gave it little thought, hopped out from under my thread-bare blanket and found my way to relief without any mishaps. On my return, the

odor still lingered but I couldn't place it, and it was a small matter compared to my attempts to keep warm the rest of the night. The malodorous problem was handled with a little perfume under the nose nipped from Ines's private stock, which, once put on, was a toss-up as to what smelled worse. Anyway, I was soon in dreamland and all else mattered not, until the dawn freeze rudely brought me back to reality and an attempt at a hot shower before hitting the road. The shower turned out to be magic, thawing my senses into organized action. Toweled off, clothes put on, I stepped into the kitchen for a look in the refrigerator to see if I could find fuel to start the day. My first step on the linoleum had me doing the slide, crashing into the refrigerator and the bad smell of the night turned into a gagging, belly lurching stench which I immediately placed as cat shit. I flipped on the kitchen light, no longer mindful of the two sleeping people, and started to examine the problem when Ines popped around the corner straight into the same pile of crap. Amazingly, this didn't awaken the two slumbering bodies or they were doing a great job of ignoring the current malodorous event. Ines cried, "euuu." I deftly took off my offensive sock. Ines did the same with hers and asked if she could clean the offending substance off. Who was I to argue? Lucky for me, I had brought another pair of socks and was soon out the door and on the road to Cayambe to help build paper-mâché condoms, no, condors.

Luck was with me. I arrived on 10 de Agosto just as the Cayambe bus was passing by. By 7:30 a.m. I was home, dropped off my gear and hiked over to the school to aid Daryl and Erica Perlman organize about two hundred kids aged seven to 11 build condors and a mountain out of hardware cloth, sticks, newspaper, and flour glue. It was a gorgeous morning and great fun watching the kids tear-up mounds of newspaper and the teachers boiling a cauldron of flour soup. Erica remarked, "Look how the kids play in the paper fragments as kids do in piles of leaves during the fall season." Then the wind picked up and the paper scraps were beating a hasty retreat everywhere. I casually remarked to Erica that maybe we needed to get some bags or sacks or whatever, to put the paper into. Nonplussed, Erica mentioned she had a whole role of plastic garbage bags sitting at home. I borrowed Daryl's bike and soon returned with the

plastic sacks and within moments the kids had the paper leaves properly stowed away. It

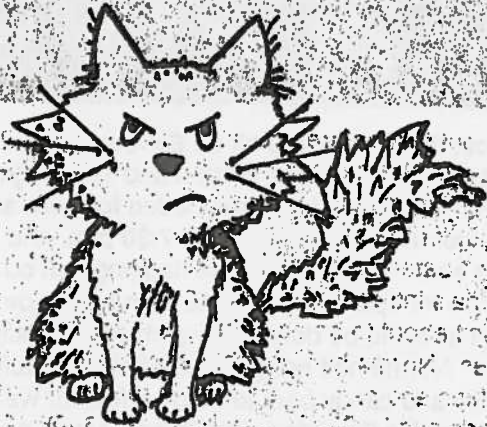
was truly amazing to observe Daryl's single-minded obsession with the building process. The condors and mountains were taking shape beautifully despite the incredible chaos all around us. I was impressed and a little intimidated. I've never done anything like this before and felt as useful as a gopher. At least I recognized a useful role. Fortunately, Ronald León, Director of the condor program under CECIA (leading bird conservation organization in Ecuador) showed up with Sara (PCV, Cotacachi), Norma and Misael (field monitoring group). Sara stayed behind to take over my role and I went with Ronald and the monitoring crew to visit the INEFAN (natural resources ministry group) people to organize condor monitoring activities.

The meeting with INEFAN was a quick affair and soon we were back with the condor and mountain builders, but not for long; Ronald wanted to reconnoiter the San Marcos reserve and off we went. I caught a hint of displeasure in the building group as we sped off into the mountains, but I figured they'd get over it soon enough. On the route up we passed by a few eating establishments and it being near noon, I figured it might be a good idea to fuel up before making the mountain run. Ronald smiled at my suggestion and ignored it. Within an hour we were in the *Páramo*, passing cliffs, cows and wildness. We topped the rise and there it was, Lago San Marcos, a diamond of a mountain lake set in a remote mountain valley at about 4000 meters. We started our decent and the well-maintained mountain road turned into a muddy quagmire. Ronald proceeded undaunted. I guess he reckoned we were driving one of the best four-wheel drive

A Cat S@*! Kind of Day

vehicles made and that's what it was for—to go through muddy quagmires. Then we hit the big mud. I've been four-wheeling for about as long as Ronald's been alive and even I was concerned. He asked my suggestion before proceeding into the dark depths and I suggested maybe we use the high road and again I was ignored. He went straight through the middle and soon the floor-boards were swamped in volcanic goo; but we made it and I was happy that at least he took my suggestion to gun through it rather than do a slow roll. The lake loomed ahead and boldly reflected the forbidding cloud cover which made condor watching nigh impossible.

Norma, Misael, Ronald and I trekked part way around the lake before the rain turned us around. We weren't prepared for this. I really was a little ignorant about our destination or I would have brought proper gear when I stopped off at my house to get something. The others were in the same condition; no *chompas*, *impermeables*, *paraguasas* or anything to ward off the



foul weather. But we had the comfort of the Toyota Landcruiser and the happy realization we would be out of the mountains and at the lunch table within an hour. This was simply a short jaunt into the mountains to check out one of our monitoring sites after all, not a full-fledged expedition. Soon, we were back on the track and heading out and once again we faced the big muddy. Ronald didn't ask my suggestion this time, he just headed straight into the black hole, at a crawl. We were just about through and at the deepest part when the fabled Toyota Landcruiser lurched to the side and stopped dead. Ronald gunned it but the volcanic mud was like raw grease. The tires spun mud, cow and horse shit (cat shit?) and small rocks out the back, then front, as he reversed his tactic, but all to no avail. We were in deep shit.

We all balled out to see what could be done to get us unstuck. First Norma, Misael and I pushed and rocked the Landcruiser back and forth but the *fango* was so slick we did nothing more than cover our-

selves in muck. Ronald got into the act by putting Norma in the driver's seat to control the Landcruiser so he could lend his weight in pushing. Problem was, I don't think Norma ever drove a stick-shift before and at first raced the engine while we pushed, without putting the car in gear. By the time she ground a few pounds off the gears and engaged the system, we were popped. Didn't really matter, there was no way that Landcruiser was going anywhere but down towards China. Next, I attempted to rock the beast onto better footing but only succeeded in digging in deeper. But not much deeper, because when Ronald and company tried to dig the wheels out with our bare hands, in the freezing sleet, we noted a rather large boulder settled against the under-chassis. We even attempted to chop up the *paramo* and put it under the wheels but against a hard rock and a hard place, no way Jose. I finally suggested we start walking back to town to get help but that only intensified Ronald's frantic attempts to will the Landcruiser out of the hole to hell. I was adamant, however. Ronald relented when he saw my serious intent and assigned Norma to join me on the long trek back to Olmedo.

If anybody ever saw or read the story, "The Long Walk," by Stephen King, you'll have a pretty decent idea about our hike. The clouds were lowering, the rain was intensifying and we had no gear to ward off nature's attack (I think I mentioned that earlier but I wanted to emphasize it again since we also failed to carry any shovels or any other instruments to aid one in the event of a problem which is normal, standard common sense). As Norma and I crested the rise leading down towards civilization, I turned back and wished our still busy friends *mucha suerte*. If we didn't find help it was going to be one cold night on the mountain. It was already 2:30 p.m. and we had at least 10 kilometers to go. I prayed we'd find a *campesino* with a horse we could rent and trudged on along the rocky road.

Luck was with us. Once we cleared the cloud bank, it actually turned out to be a decent afternoon. The birds were singing, the cattle were grazing and at least I had decent footwear for the journey. Norma had these pair of street shoes, low cut with pointed toes that were far better suited for an evening on the dance floor than for a trek on a rocky trail or a hasty retreat away from an enraged bull. I couldn't figure out why Norma was so skittish around the cattle but then she reminded me they were bulls raised for the ring. "Oh," I said. By 4:00 p.m. we passed our first human-inhabited shack, but no horse around. "*Buenas tardes, Señor* and how far is it to Olmedo?" "Oh, that far! By the way, are there any horses for rent?" "No." "*Muchas gracias y nos vemos, señor.*" By 4:30 p.m. we round a corner into two small boys,

one on a horse and the other on a bike. "*Buenas tardes, Niños*. Is there any chance we can rent your horse?" Do you take American Express?" "No, you say; well, how about VISA?" They weren't biting and on we walked. I tried the same tactic a couple more times on the way down as we passed by riders. They just weren't interested in aiding our *emergencia*. We rounded another hill and there below us, way below us, was Olmedo. At least our target was in sight.

A cloud of dust signaled the approach of a vehicle. "We're saved, we're saved!" I cried. Norma stuck out her bare calf and winked at the driver. (He wasn't interested either and Norma's a good-looking lady. Kind of went against a cultural given.) Soon the dust cloud settled and so did our spirits. By the time the fifth *camion* flew by without even an "*Hola*" I was getting a pretty good idea the natives just weren't interested in community assistance. Norma even tried to hail the locals in their homes to see if we could use a phone. No response. Nothing. What was it with these people?

A little past 5 p.m., we staggered into Olmedo, having just missed the bus leaving for Cayambe. Norma inquired from one of the locals about the use of a phone and they told us we would have to return to Olmedo, but the phone wouldn't be working until 7:30 p.m. Return to Olmedo? Did I hear right? Sure enough, we passed by the crossing about two kilks back. Shit! What more could happen? Another truck started to pass us by and this time fearless Norma jumped directly in its path and demanded a ride. The driver had no choice, stunned almost, by the boldness of my friend. I guess this must be the way to get attention in this part of Ecuador.

At last we reached Olmedo and started to search for someone who would rent their services to haul us back to the Landcruiser and out of the hell hole. Stationary people are a lot easier to reckon with but I couldn't believe how, with all we offered. Even with wads of bills in our hands, they ignored our plea or batted us to the next possibility which always turned out to be no possibility at all. Nobody, it seemed, wanted to help. We eventually stumbled upon a person, most probably not a local, who was willing to take us on to Cayambe, not back up the mountain to our, most likely, stiffening friends. We had one hope left and it all depended on his being home.

On the way down the deluge hit. It didn't just rain, it poured buckets, *aguacero* et. al. About half-way down I saw this man lying in the ditch, head cocked back against the earth, dead, drowned in his own vomit. It was then I learned that Olmedo and the surrounding towns were into this big *fiesta*. I wondered

what all those people were doing napping in ditches, along the road or anywhere Mr. *Trago* planted them. It was also possible that was why no one wanted to aid us, being *Día de San Pablo (del Sol)* and all; but now, it had to be in the genes. It was dark when we reached Cayambe and my INEFAN-friend Luis Martinez wasn't home. So, I thought, we can just go over to the Periman's place and they'll know what to do. Anyone who can deal with young kids the way they do, can do anything, right? They weren't home either. Just for the fun of it we passed by Luis' house again to inquire of his neighbors if they'd seen him around or knew where he was—and he was home. Oh joy! Luis, great; "*Buenas noches, Señor. ¿Qué pasa, mi amigo?* Want to go up to Lago San Marcos and rescue our buddies?" Always got to get the greet-



ings out first before you hit an Ecuadorian up with a request. Norma took over then and set things straight and within minutes we were loaded for bear and headed out for the salvation. It was 7:30 p.m. and I still hadn't eaten breakfast. I was flagging fast but Norma's intrepid spirit kept me going. Besides, I wasn't about to be done in by a chick in dancing shoes. Norma had bought essential food stuffs: potato chips and candy bars to help revive our weary friends and in Olmedo we borrowed a tow rope and *la pala* from a reluctant farmer who maybe felt guilty for not aiding us with his tractor earlier. By 8:30 p.m., we topped the mountain pass and found our stiff friends huddled in the Landcruiser signaling joy with their headlights. Misael hopped out of the car and exclaimed, "*Los pensamos abandonar?*" After waiting for six hours perhaps I would think the same. Ronald León seemed nonplussed.

Marcelo Mejía had by this time maneuvered the 4-wheel drive *camion* back to an area where we could attach the tow rope to the Landcruiser. This done, and with six big men and one strong lady pushing, we couldn't even budge the thing. We tried many variations of push and pull for all the world, looking like a bunch of pigs in a sty, without success. Finally, Luis suggested to Ronald we depart for the night and return in the morning. It was a hopeless situation. The expression on Ron's face was as if we were abandoning his child. Fortunately, the mind of steel bent and we left for Cayambe where Ronald, Norma

and Misael would spend the night at the house of Esteban y yo. But first, we all needed food; the candy and crackers just didn't cut it. We all crammed into Luis' *camioneta* and left the Landcruiser in the ghostly shadow of moonlit Cayambe.

Fifteen kilometers later we were in Olmedo at the house of a *guarda-parque* of INEFAN to arrange the liberation of the Landcruiser.

Well, it was *fiesta* time and everyone, save me, took a few shots of liquid poison (*trago*) offered by the park guard. Luis seemed pretty happy on the way up the mountain, now he was quite exuberant. We tried to return the tractor owners tow rope and *la pala* but no amount of revelry on our part stirred anyone to answer.

Tomorrow, we would do our duty and hope the kind people of Olmedo would show their true character of self-less assistance. Tomorrow I would look before taking my first step into the kitchen. Tomorrow would not be a cat-shit-kind-of-a-day. Tomorrow never came for the hapless victim of Mr. *Trago* who still lay unattended in a ditch the other side of eternity.

And we all dreamed of tomorrow when stripped of mud and in our beds we turned the lights out at the stroke of midnight.

Ron Krupa, Cayambe (Pichincha)



Postscript: The condor crew left back for Olmedo by 5:30 a.m. They never did find a truck or tractor to help set the Landcruiser free. They ended up hiring a bunch of people with garden tools to dig it out. They succeeded at 2:30 p.m. in hauling it out from over a *foca gigante*. Me? Well, let's just say I had made other plans for the day and stayed a whole lot cleaner and kept my feet out of *mierde de gato*.

"Quote Corner"

by Jodi Hammer, Urcuquí (Imbabura)

Well, the El Clima mailbox is not yet overflowing with quotes for my little Quote Corner, so my initial idea of being able to choose from the *wealth* of quotes received and organizing them in themes, is perhaps a bit premature (although I still hope to achieve that level one day!) So, I guess for this issue, I'll include the quotes I received from the TWO (yes, 2) volunteers who have responded so far, and perhaps add a few myself. No common theme, quite random in fact, but I hope you enjoy.

"Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere."

Martin Luther King, Jr.

(submitted by Steve Green, Loreto, Napo)

"The greatest use of life is to spend it for something that outlasts it."

William James

"Accident rules every corner of the universe except the chambers of the human heart."

David Guterson, Snow Falling on Cedars

(both quotes submitted by Pete Fontaine, Guayaquil)

To end, I guess I'll add a few of my own, both by the same author (and I'm sure you'll see more of his quotes in the future from me, as he's one of my favorites):

"Many people wish they could change their life . . . when all they need to do is change their attitude toward life."

Javan

"At the end of each day we should be one step closer to what we should be."

Javan

Now, in spite of the rather empty mailbox thus far, I know you all have plenty of great quotes, so please send them in to me, c/o El Clima in the PC office. Thanks!

Eagerly awaiting your submissions, Jodi.

by Andrés Amador, Cuenca

As any reader of my articles knows, I'm a pretty big movie buff. You were with me, tearfully following my adventures and travails in the video store from hell (see

Feb/March issue of El Clima).

But the mayhem and fun doesn't stop there. In the course of my time here, I've seen a pretty impressive number of movies—most of 'em were completely forgettable. But ya' know, often the movie itself is only half the fun.

Madness (revisited)

tion problem—see last section of article). How come no *ayudante* can seem to figure out how to

Theaters

I love watching movies in the theater. You get the "larger-than-life" action in all its magnificent, bloody, close-up, eardrum-poppin' excitement (unless

you're watching some wussy movie

like, uh, "Sense and Sensibility"). But more than the smoking kids in the row behind you, more than the chatting crowds who usually don't need to actually listen to the dialogue, more than the speaker system that is usually on the blink and the screen that inevitably has the permanent run-smear of the *Coke* that was thrown at it, there's this crazy little thing that never fails to happen, known in the business as: editing-as-you-go.

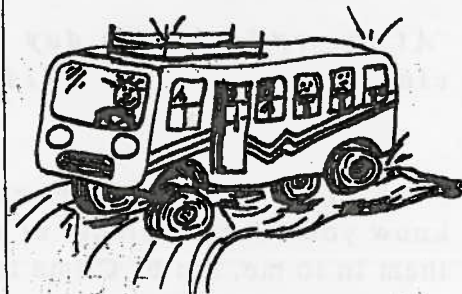
It came to my attention during my first trip to Ecuadorian cinema to see "Speed," which I had already seen in the States. Suddenly, a good 10 minutes was cut. And then later on, all the clues that led to the capture mysteriously vanished in a puff of cellulotic splicing. From then on, I rarely saw a movie that wasn't missing a scene or two. Sometimes the cut was obvious—two enemies are suddenly in bed together or the hero who was facing an inescapable death is now sipping a margarita. And then other times the shortening was a bit more subtle. But, of course, I could never be sure. A character that seemed somewhat central would never be seen from again and you couldn't help wondering if that person's fate wasn't languishing in some South American trashbin somewhere. I've since become paranoid.

make that video time display disappear? It's not only annoying, it can downright destroy a subtitled film. Why would anyone stand for it?

Two: Why are subtitled movies chosen anyway? The TV is usually too far away from the majority of the riders to be legible. And if it were, the images are hit by the double whammy diseases of decrepit-monitor fuzziness and bootleg video corrosion.

Three: Why would any intellectual movie, pseudo or otherwise, ever make it on board? Buses are not places to engage in uninterrupted, quality thought. I don't know about you, but I've sat through some of the most absurd and obscure feel-good American-triumph Olympic movies. Ahh, how I relax contentedly in my seat when good ole Arnie flick comes on.

Four: Carlos Michelena—WHY??!!



Buses

Forrest Gump had it pretty close with his little chocolates and life bit. However, a more appropriate analogy for the Ecuadorian audience would have been, "Life is like a video-equipped bus; you never know what you're gonna see." Every ride is like Christmas. It's not until the movie comes on that you discover if all you'll be getting this season is a set of tighty whitties and socks or if it's the latest kung-fu grip, remote controlled, ethnically-correct Barble.

Several questions come to mind:

One: Does the video manual not have a Spanish section? (Or it could be that eternal transla-

Subtitles

The real charm of cinema lies in the translation; something that can be enjoyed at the theater or on video. I have yet to finish a movie without having accumulated a list of translated phrases and words that defy understanding. It becomes all too clear why action movies are so much more popular here. Added to the fact that there's usually less to read (a plus on those blurred, distant bus TVs), there's correspondingly less translations to mess you up.



Who do they get to translate? And what are their qualifications? With things like "home" becoming "no" or "hear" becoming "care" or "this air" becoming, "I was here," you have to wonder. Now I can be generous and say that the translator would have to have an excellent knowledge of American history, geography and culture to not make, "Nothing like a good Wingtip (shoe)" into, "Nothing like a good tip" or, "Still got your Malibu (car)?" into, "Still going to Mallbu?" or "Poselden (the ship)" into, "president." I can picture the guys scratching their heads wondering what was being talked about and trying to make the best of it. And in order to catch American slang and the use of other languages in our speech, the translator would have to be pretty good. Thus

did "kosher" turn into "important" and "you my man?" become, "you worried?" It certainly explains "The Nick of Time" being translated as "*El Tiempo de Nick*." Although, how "*amigo*" turned into, "I go," is beyond me.

Sometimes a translation is just weird; such as the movie, "Hanging with the Homeboys," ending up as "*Cuatro locos en Nueva York*" and "*Le Big Mac*" from "Pulp Fiction" becoming, "*Big Mac de Amor*." These don't change anything in the movie, only make reading the subtitles more interesting. However, rarely are the translating fumbles so harmless. Glory be that my understating of most movies here is based on listening. When a bad subtitle comes up, I can't help but wonder what the average, non-English speaking Ecuadorian is making of it all. A good portion of the time, a bad translation would simply make the viewer wonder why it would be said; such as, "five minutes governor" turning into, "my rien governor" or, "oh dear" becoming, "no idea" or "army" somehow changing into, "all around me."

Then there are translations that would impede an understanding of the dialogue. When "barter" becomes "border" and "need a lift?" becomes, "need a cola?" or, "he's a fighter" mutates into, "he's a biter," you would have to seriously try to grasp what they were referring to.

But then there are the translations that come straight out of left field. These ones are so weird, so abrupt and so out of context that an entire scene can be changed by it—or you're so involved with figuring out what's going on that the rest slips by. "I

can't" becoming, "I can," could throw a wrench in the works. And how in the world did, "we went by your home" become, "you vomited" or, "you passed out" turn into, "you ate breakfast"?

Some movies do a better job than others, so I'm assuming the translators came from a slightly higher class hiring pool. And then some movies seemed to have hired folks right off the street as in the case of "Rob Roy," whose every other line was mistranslated, turning the movie into a huge chaotic, incomprehensible mess of wimpy English ferns and manly Scottish studs. But the all-time winner so far came from "Pulp Fiction," from whose dialogue came way to many fubs to chronicle. Bruce Willis has escaped the 'web' and is picking up his girlfriend who asks him where he got his motorcycle. He responds, "It's not a motorcycle baby, it's a chopper." Instead, Spanish speakers read, "It's not a motorcycle baby, it's a helicopter." (ll)



Author's request

I'd like to do something similar to the quotes page but with translations. So send me your dialogue-destroying duds, your scene-smashing slips, your plot-pummeling pitfalls of translation. Please include what movie it's from and any useful background information. Thanks!

Did you ever imagine there could be a postscript to Karl? An antidote perhaps? By way of Introduction, I am Mary Ellen Banks, and I am in Ecuador with *el padre de Karl*. By the time you read this we will be home, but our PC Parent Adventure will have lasted nearly a month. We arrived on June 5, 1996, and scheduled our return for July 2, 1996. We have spent nearly two years planning this trip—reading about Ecuador, promising Karl we would be inconspicuous, and assuring ourselves we could do whatever Karl deemed a suitable Ecu-Odyssey.

ANALYTICALLY

Part of getting cognitively ready for Ecuador was my avid perusal of *El Clima*. I found I was getting to know many of you vicariously. I truly began to feel *Zeno de Ecualand* was a son erroneously not dropped on my doorstep by a, for sure, you know, like California stork. I eagerly await every installment of Dr. Esteban, Veticine Man, felt the confusion and angst of Juan Carlos, the frustration of the nurses, and suffered the trauma of ETs. *El Clima* was a link to my son, and provided tangible data regarding feelings, beliefs, paradigm shifts and personal growth and development.

As a psychologist, I realized that *El Clima* serves you all a very useful function. I had shared a couple of articles with an associate who remarked, "Gosh, they complain about work struggles and job frustration just like anyone else in the world." My friend

and I realized that your "office without walls" spreads across an entire country without quick, easy access to each other. In a country with barely an infrastructure, your work and adjustment are all the more difficult. You do not have the usual work place opportunity to sit around and laugh at Dilbert over coffee and bemoan the latest up-the-line decision. Dealing with workplace frustration in small bits at frequent intervals can be productive because we can move on and stay focused on

our daily work goals.

That may seem like a minor luxury for workplace contentment, but it is one you lack. It is replaced by means of interaction and communication which only serve to distort and prolong the agony of, in reality, little dilemmas that could be more quickly resolved with face-to-face communication, a quick phone chat, a fax, WEB note, etc. Instead, time and space decrease the chance to

SPEAKING

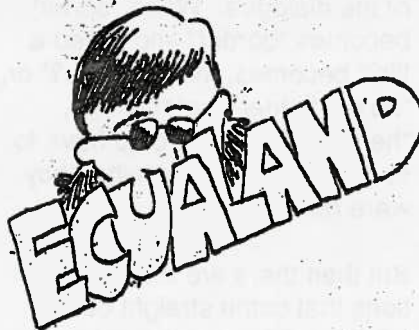
feel better fast, and you brood and second-guess and worry-wart yourself to pieces trying to cognitively take bits and pieces of information and organize them into a coherent and meaningful whole.

You have not only had being lonely to contend with, being bored to deal with, and being frustrated because nobody seems to care that you are an idealistic person trying to put your heart and soul into your work and no one seems to get it. You are also isolated from your various Omnibus *compañeros* and maybe even your social network on a regular basis. Instead of daily to weekly contacts, your work place

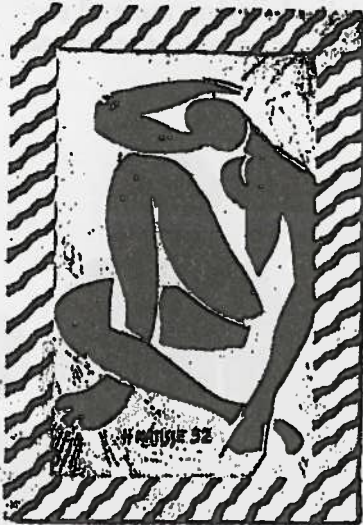
encounters maybe never reach that kind

of threshold and therefore you suffer stress and anxiety. Something that is just as important to deal with on a personal level as taking your Aralen and boiling the water.

I can't begin to deal with just how to do that in this Karlesque after-image, or else I'd end up in Peace Corps myself. I can only say that I met a number of you in my first 10 days in EcuadorLand, and I am immensely impressed by your dedication, zeal, commitment and endurance. Not everything turns out exactly as we plan sometimes, and whether you ETd, went the limit or even extended, you all have the common experience of learning more about yourself and refining the person you are. Some of



you may have experienced more trial and tribulation on that trail, yet each of your terminal outcomes are different, just as you all lived your virtual EcuReality in varying ways. In the psychodrama of El Clima, the fused experiences of all of you seem to play out on an ebb



and flow of messages of hope and comfort to each other. There are really no failures here, even though you may feel like you failed yourself or others, especially if you left early, or you couldn't convince someone to hang-tough, or you feel badly you did not recognize just how down someone may have been. I would argue that out of your own crisis you came to a difficult decision which was and is one that continues as you have to return home and explain time and again why you are back; or you grapple with your lack of compassion for or recognition of the need of another. No easy solution exists in most cases; particularly when your emotions continue a dialectical duel and your scruples, guilt, pride, anger and helplessness endure. But,

out of crisis and even presumed failure do come good gain. We most often learn more about ourselves and construct new interventions to help us through the next time we are posed with the difficult, untried, confusing and painful. That is, after all, how we mature and evolve as people in our multi-cultural world.

Now a personal observation of mine after 10 days and so far being in Guayaquil, Alandaluz, Portoviejo, Quito and a Secoya *pueblo* pretty darn near as far away as Zeno's Ecualand. I know that on my sixth day in Ecuador, as I tried to contend with my *poco a poco castellano*, I started to hear an indigenous language in the dark after nearly a 12-hour plane, truck, and canoe trip, I was bewildered and overwhelmed. The next morning after a terrifically poor night's sleep, I just sobbed and questioned my own sanity in agreeing to this leg of my journey. Now, in retrospect, I made it through that day and the continued physical and mental challenges of my five-day rainforest expedition. And, I have left Ecuador knowing that Karl and each of you I have met personally and read about in El Clima, work here each day at much personal sacrifice and face exciting and, at times, daunting challenge. I have even more respect for you now and know you all are keeping promises to yourselves to be all that you can be. . . wait, I guess that's the Army. Never mind, dude.

With much admiration and pride,
Mary Ellen Banks*



At some point last winter, as I sat in my cabin in rural Alaska, an idea came to me. "I should go back to Ecuador this summer." A few days later I called a Texas pal of mine from the Omnibus and presented my idea. It coincided with his need to at least pretend that he was doing research for his dissertation and so the idea became a plan.

I COS'd in 1991 and the Peace Corps experience has never been far from my mind. I read my old journals and I recall the endless games of solitaire by candlelight, the frustrating bus rides and the loneliness of being far from home. These memories however, are virtually erased by the reality of what my two years in Ecuador have meant to me.

In the past five years, I've rarely gone a day without thinking of some aspect of the experience. I think I never realized the whole impact until I returned this summer. I went to my site with plans to stay "a few days." I ended up staying for six and wishing I hadn't told friends that I would meet them back in Quito, "Sunday, at the latest."

I would not classify myself as a model Volunteer. It took me quite a while to find my niche as a development worker. I struggled to think of ways to reach the farmers in the village. I came to understand what some of the elder PCVs meant when they said, "You

really don't get anything done until the second year." But all the time I spent trying to do good Peace Corps work, I was doing something else that I was barely conscious of. While my *charlas* did not receive rave reviews, and my attempts to implement new silvopastoral systems fell on mostly deaf ears, I was slowly being accepted as a good neighbor.

I would play soccer with a lot of the locals—kids and adults. I attended funerals and an occasional church service. I helped an elderly man catch his pig when it got loose. On top of all this, I think my greatest moments were had from 5 to 6 p.m. each evening when I would go to see the widowed lady, América Garcés, across the plaza from me. We would sit down on her bed and play rummy as we listened to the radio. This became our tradition and at 6 p.m. she would go to her sister's house to watch the *novela* and I would go to the edge of town to watch the sunset.



Now, this may not seem like much development work and it sure didn't feel like it at the time. But interacting with my neighbors and being seen around town became my devel-

opment strategy. I soon realized that I wouldn't be able to create functional silvopastoral systems with each farmer and so I concentrated on my rummy partner. We did some beautiful projects with Aliso, Acacia and Cipres. It was not only satisfying on a professional level but also on a personal level. I would spend afternoons tramping through the *campo* with a *costal* of trees on my back, struggling to keep up with this sixty-year-old woman who was all the time telling me stories about this farmer or that clearing. The experience of planting trees with a neighbor, someone I cared about, and who conversely looked out for me, became the highlight of my Peace Corps service. That woman and her land became my focus. Of course, my work with Doña América did not go unnoticed. Slowly and cautiously other farmers would ask me what we were doing with her pasture. I would give them my quick lecture on the value of trees, especially when prudently placed in pastures. Sometimes they listened and we would plan a project together, other times they just nodded and said, "*Está bien.*"

That was the basis of my development work. It wasn't a huge AID project and it didn't involve massive community mobilization. It was just me being a good neighbor. I am not writing this to denigrate large projects. My point is that you don't need to have extensive quantifiable records and numbers to be a successful Volunteer. I don't know how many trees I planted or how many farmers I worked with. I don't think I did enough to halt the environmental degradation

in the village. Looking back I see that I took just a few steps on the journey to reforest and replenish the local pastures. However, any doubts I had as to my success as a Volunteer were washed away when I returned to my village and I was welcomed with plates of *arroz con cuy* and dishes piled high with that tasty *mote*. Most of all I cannot forget Doña América hugging me and saying, "*Te he extrañado demasiado.*"



I don't like to proselytize or sound like a red, white and blue advocate for the Peace Corps. But I wanted to just give you a gentle reminder that even if it may not seem like much right now, your service will affect you and your community forever. This trip has been very emotional for me as it has left me feeling very proud to be a part of Peace Corps and to have served in Ecuador. It is a beautiful country with beautiful people, and you are a part of it. *Aprovéchese!*

Douglas Kleemeier
Omni. 59—Bilovan, Province of Bolívar*

LAS ESPECIES MENORES

Me gustaría iniciar este artículo con una breve historia del Programa de Ganadería, hoy **Producción Animal**. Hace aproximadamente 26 años, el Cuerpo de Paz, con la ayuda del Heifer Project Int'l., Fundación Brether y el Ministerio de Agricultura y Ganadería, iniciaron un proyecto demostrativo de ganadería en Santo Domingo de los Colorados. El propósito fue el de ayudar a los ganaderos que se iniciaban en la zona, costa y oriente, a mejorar la genética de sus pequeñas explotaciones ganaderas.

Como primera acción se importaron algunas razas de ganado para carne. Al pasar tres años el proyecto se definió por la raza **Brahman**. Para conseguir este objetivo se desarrollaron cursos de ganadería básicos, en el mismo rancho, que lleva hasta ahora el nombre de su fundador **Ronald**, el fue el primer Voluntario asignado a este proyecto, y como cosa curiosa, **Ronald** regresó a Ecuador a los 15 años para realizar el primer entrenamiento técnico del programa en Ecuador.

Como las necesidades de la zona y similares cambiaron, el **Rancho Ronald** inició un programa de lechería, llevando animales **Holstein F**, desde la sierra. Varios fracasos intentaron desistir del proyecto, para ese entonces, la producción de leche en la zona era casi inexistente; en la actualidad, **Santo Domingo** abastece de leche a la zona de **Cayambe**.

Para apoyar el proyecto de lechería, se creó un centro de capacitación que incluye aulas,

dormitorios, comedores, casa de profesores y espacio de recreación; se realizaron varios días de campo, cursos, programas de extensión, folletos, etc.; se han capacitado aproximadamente unos 2,000 pequeños ganaderos en técnicas de manejo de ganado; se han entregado el mismo número de reproductores de razas mejorantes (**Brahman** y **Holstein**), a precios de costo.

La **AID** ha jugado un rol muy importante en este proyecto, que sin lugar a dudas, cumplió en ese tiempo el propósito para el que fue creado. Luego, cuando cambió la expectativa de los pequeños finqueros, el **Rancho Ronald** también propuso alternativas como una quesería, que fue la primera en la zona. Hoy, hay docenas, algunas de ellas para competir en **Quito** y **Guayaquil**.

Para fomentar esta idea de la agroindustria, también se dieron varios cursos, se hicieron folletos, etc. Como alternativas de mejoramiento de la finca, se plantearon en el **Rancho Ronald** proyectos de biogas, peces, cuyes, conejos, cabras y ovejas de pelo. Estos proyectos también realizados con la ayuda de **AID**. Igualmente cumplieron el objetivo, quizás no en la misma dimensión, como los proyectos de carne, leche y el centro de capacitación.

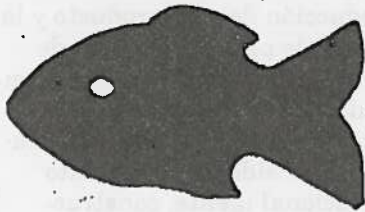
Con estos antecedentes ocurridos en la zona de **Santo Domingo**, hoy una de las zonas de mayor producción de carne y leche del país, me gustaría referirme a la historia de la ganadería en la **Sierra Ecuatoriana**. Tradicionalmente todo el callejón internandino del

Carchi al **Macará** ha sido productor de leche, a tal punto que era patrimonio de la sierra la producción de este producto y la costa solo para producción de carne. Pero los hechos han cambiado esta historia. Una de las razones para este cambio obviamente ha sido el crecimiento poblacional (gente, construcciones, etc.), el mal uso de la tierra, los nuevos cultivos, los problemas políticos (tenencia de la tierra). Debemos sumar a esto la situación de la **amazonía**, poca orientación para la explotación racional de este tipo de suelos (colonización espontánea).

Estos factores han dado lugar a que el Programa de Ganadería del Cuerpo de Paz replantee sus objetivos. Hace ocho años, dividimos el programa en ganadería (leche, carne) y ovejía; este último lo iniciamos con **ANCO**, ayudando a mejorar la producción de lana en el país, a tal punto que el Ecuador depende ahora menos de la importación de lana, y **ANCO** se ha fortalecido. En otra ocasión me gustaría analizar este programa.

Desde hace dos años, el programa tuvo que dar un giro, fucionando los dos; no solo para la facilidad del manejo del programa, sino también para responder a las necesidades actuales de los pequeños campesinos. Ahora, tenemos el programa de **Producción Animal**, con un enfoque a la diversidad en la finca, considerando que las **especies menores** como ovejas, cabras, cerdos, cuyes, conejos, aves, llamas, alpacas, peces, abejas, tienen muchas ventajas; entre otras: el poco espacio que

ocupa la infraestructura para su manejo, poca inversión, fácil administración, ocupa mano de obra de toda la familia. La compra venta es mas fácil; se puede utilizar para mejorar la



alimentación y nutrición de la familia y lo mas importante permiten el reciclaje. Pueden utilizar con facilidad los productos y subproductos de la finca, como forrajes arbustivos, banano, yuca, etc.

El objetivo de ayudar al mejoramiento de la explotación de especies menores está basado también en el hecho de que el campesino ecuatoriano tiene interés y vocación para criar estos animales. Esto se puede ver fácilmente, lamentablemente, con ningún tipo de manejo y como consecuencia de esto, jamás tendrán rentabilidad y mucho menos podrán hacer proyectos complementarios, como la agricultura a pequeña escala (huertos). Obviamente, el programa no excluye a los bovinos.

Estamos pensando, que no solo el programa de producción animal del Cuerpo de Paz, basado claro está en las necesidades de los campesinos, reorienta su estrategia de apoyo a la producción pecuaria, sino todos los organismos de desarrollo que están vinculados con el sector a nivel pequeño.

Las iniciativas en esta dirección,

han tenido resultados positivos. Me gustaría mencionar algunos de ellos.

-Producción de conejos y cuyes en San Marcos, iniciado hace un año, hoy es una empresa modelo para muchos de la comunidad y fuera de ella. Para más información dirigirse a PCV Russ Harris.

-Producción de cerdos en El Empalme, comenzando de cero hace dos años, hoy es un proyecto modelo. Han iniciado el mejoramiento de la producción de cerdos de al menos 40 finqueros. Para mas información dirigirse a Owen Ross.

-Proyecto de aves, postura y carne, comenzando de cero con comunidades Shuaras, hoy ya están comercializando y lo que es mas contribuyendo a disminuir la presión en la fauna silvestre.

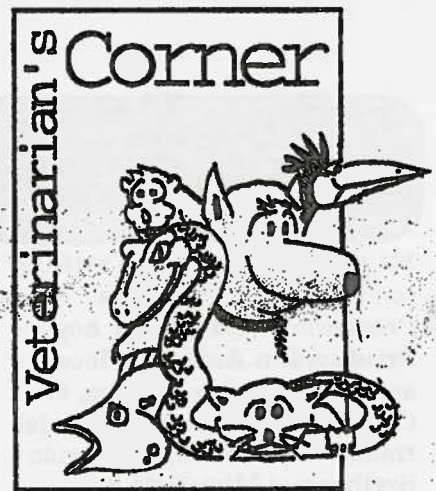
-Proyecto de cabras lecheras, iniciado en la Península, la zona donde hay muchas cabras sin ningún manejo. Heather Askey puede dar información; también Tamara Lindell en el Chaco con cabras lecheras.

-Proyecto de chanchos en Cayambe. El Dr. Steve McLaughlin puede ayudar con mas información.

-Proyecto de llamas y alpacas en Chimborazo. Tracy McCracken puede informar en detalle.

-Proyecto de borregos, en San Lucas, y Chimborazo, Karin Chamberlain y Jerónimo Socha son los que tienen más información. Estos son ejemplos de los muchos en los que el programa está trabajando.

Jorge Delgado, APCD--
Animal Production •



Well sports fans, Erica is off in the Galápagos neutering iguanas so I'm at the helm this ish. First of all a big BIENVENIDO to the new Animal Production group and *Saludos* tambien to all you bark-eating Forestry, Ag., and Environmental types. We have three new veterinarian Volunteers, Drs. Amy Karsten, Carolyn Engle and Lora Baker-Davis. I hope one of you guys has a literary bent 'cause Erica and I are looking for new blood (authors, that is).

POBRE PIGUITOS

A letter flooded into the ol' mailbox last week from Owen "The Undertaker" Ross of El Empalme. He writes: "Dear Drs. Esteban and Erica, They've got me playing Dr. Kervorkian down here and our pet cemetery is rapidly filling up! To date I've buried five *cuyes* and six piglets. I've only been here two weeks and look what I've done!" Owen goes on to say he's lost or Kervorkianized six out of 48 piglets in four litters. He asks, "Am I losing more than a normal number of piglets per litter, and what can I do to prevent this?"

Dear Dr. Death,
According to Dr. Jorgen Svendson of the Swedish University of Ag. Sciences, "Available statistics from

many countries show rather unanimously that 20 to 25 percent of the total number of piglets die before weaning, and this high mortality rate does not appear to have changed significantly in the past twenty years."

Now, I figure any country so advanced as to have produced both Swedish meatballs AND Ace of Base ought to know what its talking about when it comes to piggies.

Let's just do the math then, shall we?

Owen, losing six piglets out of 48 is a 12.5% loss. Studies have shown that 80% of your pre-weaning deaths will occur in the first three-four days of life. Even if you lose a few more *pobre pigitos* along the way, you're still doing WAY better than average. Not too shabby, even for a Texan. Excellent job, Owen! Tell your farmers that such losses are to be expected and that they are doing better than first world piggeries. Dr. Svendsen also notes (from a study of 5578 litters in Denmark), that you can expect to lose 2.5 piglets from a litter of eight and 4.8 piglets from a litter of 14. Bottom line: The bigger the litter, the more you lose.



For submitting this question, Dr. Owen will receive a complementary copy of Stig Einarsson's riveting treatise, "Agalactia in Sows." Just a little bedtime reading for those long buggy coastal nights, and no, Owen, it's not a sci-fi story about pigs in space.



THIS VALE OF TEARS

Death may seem a morbid topic, but dying is a part of the cycle of life. Whether you like it or not, you may be called upon to help some poor animal out of this world. Sometimes the kindest thing you can do for a hurting creature is to put it out of its misery. Sometimes you need to know how to slaughter an animal as quickly and humanely as possible. Here, for what its worth, is how it is done. Small Animal Euthanasia—Cuyes, piglets, cats, rabbits, etc. Buy a bottle of ANESTHETAL (Pentobarbital 63 mg/ml—Smith Kline Beecham, 100 cc costs about 40.000 sl.). Look in your bigger, better stocked Ag/Veterinary stores. Buy some large 18 gauge needles and a plastic syringe with a SCREW-ON-HUB (if possible). The solution is thick. If you try to inject it too fast through a small gauge needle, the needle may pop off a regular syringe hub (the part where the needle attaches). If the needle pops off and

Pentobarb sprays in your eyes—**WASH YOUR EYES OUT IMMEDIATELY** to avoid corneal damage.

Lay the animal with its right side down, grasp the chest between thumb and forefingers behind the elbow and feel for the point of strongest heartbeat. Inject 1 cc per pound of Anesthetal directly into the chest over this point. The needle should go in about one third the width of the chest (into the heart).

If you're in the heart, the animal will die in seconds. If you're in the pleural spaces of the chest, the solution will absorb over 15-30 minutes and the animal will fall asleep, then die. All this is, is an overdose of anesthetic. The animal dies in his sleep and in my book that's not a bad way to go.

NEVER EAT an animal euthanized with Pentobarb. Bury them or burn them to protect scavenging hungry dogs.

NEVER re-use your Euthanasia syringe for any other injection.

Medium Animal Euthanasia—dogs primarily. Unless you know how to give an intravenous injection through the cephalic vein of the foreleg, you'll need a vet for this. The heart injection can be done IN AN EMERGENCY, but you need a second person to hold the dog securely because that big needle hurts going in. Finally, it seems brutal, but if you have no medicine you can put a hurting animal out of its misery with a gun.

shot to the head. Put the gun barrel behind an ear, pointed at the nose, and shoot.

Large Animals—slaughter; horses, cows and pigs. A gunshot is best. We in the profession call this, "Acute Lead Toxicity"—really acute.

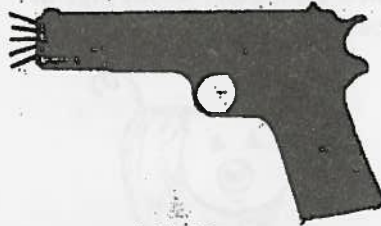
Draw an imaginary "x" between the base of each ear and its opposite eye. Aim at the spot in the middle of the forehead where the lines cross (over the brain). Hold the gun PERPENDICULAR (a 90 degree angle) to the forehead and shoot.

If you do this right the animal will drop like a sack of feed, dead instantly. Don't be alarmed by spasms and kicking—this is a normal neurological reaction. You can bring an animal into position for this, calmly, by putting out a bowl of feed.

Pigs—Put out a bowl of feed. You can use a gun as above or do the following: Whack the pig on the forehead AS HARD AS YOU CAN with a sledgehammer or the backside (blunt side) of an ax. This will stun him. Roll him over on his back or side. There is a hollow at the BASE OF THE NECK, between the BREAST-BONE and FORELEG. Put the point of a long eight-inch knife in this hollow, aimed for the tail. Drive the knife in all the way, then make a sweeping cut back and forth INSIDE the pig's neck to cut the jugular vein and carotid artery. An experienced pig-raising *campesino* can show you how to do this.

Conclusion:
Done right, these are good ways to do a sad job. Done well, you can help a poor animal out of this vale of tears as quickly and painlessly as possible. There are much worse, inhumane methods, as some Volunteers have seen.

Here in the third world, animals serve human needs or not at all. True pets are uncommon and even human life can be all too cheap. Your best contribution to your community might be to instill a greater sense of humanity towards animals, ironically, by teaching people how to kill more quickly and painlessly.



A STORY

A few months ago, María Etelvina C., a short, round and usually cheerful woman came to me, worried about her sow. "Está flaca," she said, "y no come." Now a pig who won't eat is one SICK piggie, so I went right over. The poor mangy thing was nothing but skin, bones, and lice. I loaded her up with long-acting antibiotics (Oxytetraciclina LA 200 - Indufar) and a vitamin mineral mix for "fuerza." I told María in no uncertain terms that her pig was on death's doorstep and we had done everything WE could; now it was in the hands of God. It was weeks later when I saw María again and asked her about her sow. She screwed up her face and told me severely, "She died! That shot you gave must have killed her!" I feigned shock and replied, "Good God, María, who is your veterinarian? He must be an idiot to be killing poor sick pigs like that!" María burst out laughing and exclaimed, "You are! You're my vet! You're Doctor Mata-Puerco!" Her neighbors nearby heard the ruckus and I was soon surrounded by fat, cackling, little indigenous women chanting, "Dr. Kill-Pig, Dr. Kill-Pig; he's our vet!"

I talked to María afterwards and reminded her how badly off the sow was in the first place and how we do the best we can, but even with medicine sick animals (and people) can still die. The moral. Do what you can do, but remember phrases like: "No soy Jesus, no puedo hacer milagros." "Hemos hecho lo que podemos." "Ahora es en las manos de Dios (y las patas de su puerco.)" "No soy veterinario, pero si quiere mi opinion. . ."

The less you allow yourself to be put on a pedestal, the more human, fallible, yet involved you appear, the better. The farmers will accept you, for better or worse, as someone who like them, is simply doing the best they can. Don't, for instance, let them call you "Doctora," if you are not one. This gives you an out and keeps expectations realistic. If things are looking "grave", but the farmer has a realistic expectation from you that his animal may go "patas arriba," he won't get so upset (at you). If the animal lives, you're a hero. If it dies, you were right, at least. Lastly, if you're seeing something that's out of your league, like a bad calving for instance, don't hesitate to tell the owner to get a "real" vet.

ARTICLE LIBRARY

We've been getting requests for info. on topics covered in previous issues like *cuy* management and puppy vaccination. Before the next ish, Erica and I will put together a file of previous columns and titles you can copy in Quito. We'll publish the list in the Oct./Nov. El Clima. Keep them cards and letters comin'!

Ciao,
Esteban "Dr. Kill-Piggie"
McLaughlin

My Hair

It is not very uncommon for us in the Medical Office to hear the above complaint from Trainees and Volunteers. In fact, a significant number of Volunteers, worldwide, experience temporary hair loss during their service. Recently Peace Corps/Washington addressed this issue in their quarterly newsletter for PCMOs. The following is an excerpt of that article by Dr. Mark Miani, Medical Consultant for PC Medical Services.

"Poor diet, stress, hot weather and medication can all trigger a mild, self-limited disturbance of hair growth, known as telogen effluvium. This condition presents itself as excessive hair loss or shedding, and can result in diffuse, temporary thinning of the hair. While this symptom can be very distressing, an understanding of the underlying hair growth cycle and the fact that hair loss actually signifies hair regrowth can be reassuring.



is

"With the exception of poodles and a few other animals, mammalian hair follicles cycle through growing and resting phases. When in a resting phase, hair is fixed in a whitish bulb. Eventually this follicle releases the hair and a new hair begins to grow.

Falling

Resting hair loss is a normal, random, low-level process that can become synchronized and noticeable if some trigger factor causes a large number of hair follicles to enter the resting phase at the same time. For weeks and months afterwards the affected individual will actually have decreased hair shedding and little hair growth, but these are usually not noticed. It is not until hair growth resumes that the troublesome symptom of excessive hair loss is seen. This delay between the trigger event and hair loss ranges from weeks to months and makes the identification of the trigger event difficult.

"The most extreme form of hair loss follows major stresses such as surgery or malnutrition. This is similar to the changes seen in fingernails, which can develop deep ridges during periods of stress when the nail also stops growing. More commonly, the mild types of hair loss seen in PCVs result from dietary changes or emotional stress. They can also be caused by relocation to the tropics, where environmental triggers cause a hair shedding similar to that of animals losing their winter coat in the spring. PCVs often blame medications, especially anti-malarials, for their hair loss, and these are possible trigger

factors as well. Several of these factors are probably involved in most cases of hair loss in PCVs."

BUS SAFETY REMINDERS

Though the safety of inter-provincial travel has improved greatly with the new *Ejecutivo* bus lines, bus travel still has its dangers. So here are a few reminders to help make your trip a safe one:

* Especially when new to a site, talk to the people in your com-

Out!!!!!!?????

munity about bus routes, which companies have the best schedules, reputations and accident records. The smaller *busetas* are often quicker, but many times not as safe.

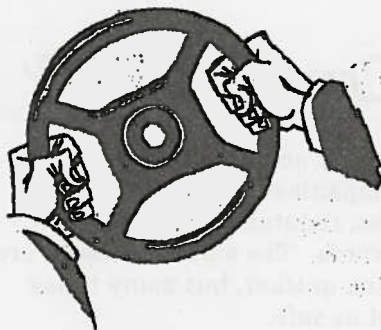
* Buy your ticket in advance so that you can select your seat. Choose a seat near the center of the bus. The forward seats are more dangerous in the event of an accident and the back seats are furthest away from the front exit. Never sit in the "suicide seat" next to the driver. To avoid hassles, women often prefer a seat next to another woman. Make your preference known to the ticket seller.

* Check out the condition of the bus: Treads on tires, windows that open and close, etc. Check out the driver (and his assistant, who may take over). Make sure that they haven't been drinking. If the bus, bus driver or assistant look at all questionable, it may be a good idea to wait for another bus.

* Be especially careful in bus terminals, where many robberies occur. There are often

several thieves who work together—one to distract you and the other to grab your bag and run. Getting on and off the bus is another high-risk time. Try to avoid being in the middle of a mob of people getting on.

* When travelling at night, be sure that you only take an *Ejecutivo*, which will not stop to pick up passengers. Otherwise, there is risk of an assailant boarding the bus and robbing the passengers.



* Watch your possessions!!! Try to travel light so that you can carry everything with you rather than having to put a suitcase on the top of the bus—again, an *Ejecutivo* is safer, since you can store baggage under the bus. Keep valuables on your body (in a shoe, money belt, etc.) or in a bag or backpack that you carry on your lap. Keep zippers inward. Better yet, put a small lock on your backpack zipper. Take valuables with you when getting off the bus for a meal or bathroom stop. Remember that even in accidents, robberies occur.

* As much as possible, try to stay awake and alert. If you're going to doze off, it's a good idea to "hug" your backpack (i.e., arms through straps, zippers in).

* Don't take food or candy from anyone (or if you take it, don't eat it!). There have been cases of

these items being drugged.

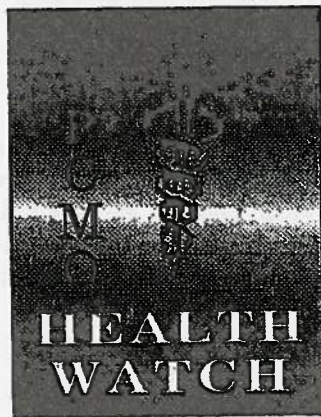
* When arriving at your site or any town late at night, use common sense. Don't walk alone; take a cab when necessary.

"Feliz Viaje." . . . Sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride!!!

ANNOUNCEMENTS FROM PCMOs

The week of September 9th, we will be visited by a medical team, consisting of one of the physicians who works in the Office of Medical Services and two representatives of the Joint Commission on Accreditation of Health Care Agencies (JCAHO). The JCAHO is working with Peace Corps to assess and document the quality of the Health Care System for PCVs. This year they will be visiting three Peace Corps countries worldwide. Ecuador was selected as the country they will visit in the Inter-America region. One of the things that the JCAHO evaluators want to do during their week here is to interview Volunteers. If any of you are in Quito that week and would be willing to be interviewed or if you specifically would like to talk to the JCAHO team, let us know. Thanks!!!!

* Welcome to Omnibus 76! Best wishes and good luck to COSing Omnibus 72. We'll miss you!!*



Greetings from Tumbaco:

The training staff is in busy preparation for the arrival of the next Omnibus which arrives on July 31st. Speaking of arrivals, Patricia Andrade, the administrative assistant at the training center gave birth to a boy on July 20th. Both mother and child are doing fine.

A big thanks in advance to all the Volunteers who will be hosting Trainees at their sites and to those who will be helping with various training activities such as the Health Fair.

There are 46 Trainees in the new group. The programs are Health and Youth Development.

The following Trainees are in the Health program:

1. Kamilla Alexander
2. Rajasekhara Ayyagari
3. Shelley Coe
4. Jennifer Graf
5. Eric Gutierrez
6. Thomas Harkins
7. Julie Hormann
8. Elizabeth Hunt
9. Melinda Miffitt
10. Ryan Nathan
11. Melissa Nickel
12. Dolores Pryor
13. Allison Pulice
14. Cristina Punzalan
15. Jocelin Reatiraza
16. Michelle Samplin
17. Holly Schmidt
18. Suzanne Schur
19. Dana Schwartz
20. Doris White
21. Asya Zaraysky

The following trainees are in the Youth Development program:

1. Karen Ausejo
2. Julie Auslander
3. John Barrett
4. Patricia Barrett
5. Leah Baxter
6. Erin Corrigan
7. Victoria Davis
8. Connie DeJong
9. Heather Dal Glejo
10. Heather Edgel
11. Jose Espinoza
12. Deanna Fisher
13. Kristin Gibbon
14. Gabriel Gutierrez
15. Julie Jennings
16. James Koewler
17. Christina Kucera
18. Cynthia Lovato
19. Edward Marshall
20. Baslisa Mendez
21. Daniel Randolph
22. Jamie Rodgers
23. Jose Salazar
24. Kristen Sweet
25. Wendy Sue Williamson

The following are various training activities taking place during the next few months:

Training News:

Omnibus 76 arrives on Wednesday, July 31st, 1996. At this time we have 46 Trainees arriving from the following programs: Rural Public Health (21) and Youth Development (25).

Trainees visit PCV sites August 17-21. Trainees will be travelling throughout the country to visit Health and Youth PCVs in groups of two or three to learn about PCV life in Ecuador.

Site Announcements, Friday, August 30th. The Youth and Health Trainees will receive their sites.

Site Visit, Friday September 4-10th. The Youth and Health Trainees will make one week visits to their sites.

Swearing In, Friday, October 25th. The Youth and Health Trainees will swear in as Peace Corps Volunteers

The six month follow-up conference for Omnibus 75 is tentatively scheduled for October 28th and half-a-day on October 29th, 1996. The integrated job conference will follow this conference. Both conferences will be held at Cabañas Bascun in Baños. A letter with detailed information regarding the follow-up conference will be sent out on September 1st.



The Close of Service Conference for Omnibus 73 will be held at Hosteria La Clenega near Lasso from January 22nd until the 25th. A letter with detailed information will be sent out on October 15th.

If you are interested in receiving assistance with resumé writing and writing cover letters please let me know about one to two weeks before you will be in Quito.

Some books that are available in the library in Quito or at the Training Center which deal with Career Information include:

1. **Career Information Consultants**— Career Information Consultants are experts in specific career fields through experience, academic study, or both. The consultants have agreed to answer career related inquiries from PCVs and RPCVs on a voluntary basis. Many are RPCVs themselves. Consultants are not job placement counselors. This book provides names and addresses of consultants in various fields such as

Business, Social/Community Services, Training and Development, Non Profit Management and many others.

2. **Careers in Natural Resources**— This book is designed to update and to augment information available about careers in the natural resources field.

3. **Careers in Agriculture**— This book provides suggestions concerning agricultural professions, employment and education.

4. **Foreign Language & EFL/ESL Careers**— This book is designed to provide PCVs and RPCVs with information on careers in foreign languages and ESL/EFL. Its goal is to offer some basic information, as well as suggestions, on where to go for more information.

5. **International Careers**— This book is for RPCVs who wish to pursue a career in international affairs. It provides a very basic introduction to professional international development organizations with which PCVs are most familiar: government, contract and consulting firms and service-orientated groups.

6. **Business Careers Manual**— This book is designed for RPCVs looking for work in business-related fields. It can only give you suggestions on where to look and how to proceed. The hard part; the planning, researching, networking, selling, etc.—is your responsibility.

As always, if there is any way the Training Center can provide assistance to you in the field, please feel free to write to me in Quito or call me at, 370-197.

Stay Well,
Tim Callaghan,
Training Director

NUSTRO Idioma

As your Spanish improves, if it hasn't already, you may want to add another tense to your vocabulary. This is a hypothetical form using the imperfect subjunctive and the unconditional together.

In Spanish sentences containing *si* (if), one uses the imperfect subjunctive in the "if" clause and the conditional tense in the adjoining clause.

For example, in English:
If I could (usage of the imperfect subjunctive), I would (usage of conditional).

Examples in Spanish (example taken from Jorge Luis Borges' poem, *Si Pudiera Vivir Nuevamente Mi Vida*):

1. "*Si pudiera volver a vivir, comenzaría a andar descalzo a principios de la primavera y seguiría así hasta concluir es otoño.*"

"If I could live over again, I would begin to walk barefoot at the beginning of Spring and I would continue doing so until the end of Fall."

2. "*Si pudiera volver atrás trataría de tener buenos minutos.*"

"If I could go back again I would try to have good moments."

3. "*Iría a España si tuviera dinero.*"

"I would go to Spain if I had money."

Also almost always after *como si* (as if) the imperfect subjunctive is used.

1. *El habla como si supiera todo.*
He talks as if he knew it all.

2. *Marta toca la guitarra como si tocara por toda la vida.*
Maria plays the guitar as if she's played for her whole life.

3. *Ella actúa como si fuera niña.*
She acts as if she were a child.

Ser / Ir—irregular imperfect subjunctive:

yo, él, ella, usted—*fuera*
tú—*fueras*
nosotros—*fuéramos*
ellos, ellas, ustedes—*fuieran*

To form imperfect subjunctive, drop the "ron" ending of third person plural of the preterite and add the following endings—*ra, -ras, -ra, -ramos, -ran.*

Examples of AR, IR, ER verbs:

Hablar

yo *hablara*
él / ella / usted *hablara*
tú *hablaras*
nosotros *habláramos*
ellos / ellas / ustedes *hablaran*

Escribir

yo *escribiera*
él / ella / usted *escribiera*
tú *escribieras*
nosotros *escribiéramos*
ellos / ellas / ustedes *escribieran*

Correr

yo *corriera*
él / ella / usted *corriera*
tú *corrieras*
nosotros *corriéramos*
ellos / ellas / ustedes *corrieran*

To form the conditional tense, add the following endings to the whole infinitive: *-ía, -ías, -ía, -íamos, -ían* [Note: The conditional is the same for *-ar, -ir* and *-er* verbs.]

Examples:

Beber—bebería, beberías, beberíamos, beberían
Andar—andaría, andarías, andaríamos, andarían
Escribir—escribiría, escribirías, escribiríamos, escribirían

Conditional Irregulars

tener—tendría
salir—saldría
decir—diría
poner—pondría
venir—vendría
poder—podría
hacer—haría

I hope you enjoy the following poem by Jorge Luis Borges. It's a reminder to start living life now and, in so many ways, Peace Corps has brought us to this path through all its trials and triumphs. Hopefully these new tenses can help you in those heart-filled conversations.

